

Anarchism

Francis W. L. Adams

1894

Tis not when I am here,
In these homeless homes,
Where sin and shame and disease
And foul death comes;

 'Tis not when heart and brain
Would be still and forget
Men and women and children
Dragged down to the pit.

 But when I hear them declaiming
Of "liberty," "order" and "law,"
The husk-hearted gentleman
And the mud-hearted bourgeois,

 That a sombre, hateful desire
Burns up slow in my breast,
To wreck the great, guilty temple.
And give us rest!

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